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# The New "Harem Veils"

## Lady Duff-Gordon tells how the Turkish War Has Set the Seal of the Seraglios on the New Spring Fashions



LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile").

THE Turkish war and the consequent opening up of the harems to the stranger eye have had a decided effect on the fashions of the moment. Milady Fashion, ever on the lookout for the novel and new, ever ready to learn from any country or people, has quickly seen the possibilities of the harem veils. And in Paris especially these veils, so provocative of mystery, so associated with charms, are rapidly becoming a craze.

We have been devoted to all the gorgeous, lovely trimmings that are peculiar to the Orient, we have overweighted our gowns with these barbaric effects, but it is only since we have had the harem brought to Paris that we have realized the effectiveness of the veil. We Occidentals are ever interested in the Turkish women, in the women of the Seraglios, and we avidly copy them when we may.

I am indeed glad that we have elected to favor the veil rather than the trousers of the Seraglio! But in order to use the veil as charmingly, as mysteriously as the Turkish woman we material Occidentals must cultivate a languid grace that is just a bit hard at first. The correct manner of wearing a veil is an art.

Another thing, when I use the word veil I do not mean the everyday face veil. Ah, no! There are many kinds of veils—in fact, we are apt to class them all as scarves, but there is a difference.

The earliest veil of the Seraglio that we knew about was the Yasnik, the soft, transparent veiling that all well-born Turkish women wear to hide the lower part of their faces from the vulgar gaze. This Yasnik has been worn in Paris, and it has appeared in Newport, too.

But I particularly want to show you the fascinating Seraglio scarf veil that all Paris is approving. Here are two examples that I hope will find favor in New York this Spring. In the first picture the veil is worn with a new Parisian costume.



The "Mystery Veil" of Rose and Gold Embroidery Worn with Dancing Costume.



"War" Costume, Showing the Flare Coat with Its Military Tassels and the Soldier Cap.



tume. But even this gives a hint of the harem in the drapery of the skirt. The headpiece is also of the Seraglio. This veil is of a sumptuous Oriental brocade a yard and a half wide and four yards long. The Seraglio veil is always very voluminous, else it would lose its fascination. It is the fact that the veil appears to be the greater part of the costume that gives it its charm and mystery. There is nothing alluring in a short, narrow scarf. This brocade veil is edged with brown fur, a Parisian touch, of course.

I call the veil shown in the second picture the Mystery Veil. It is a delightful modification of the Seraglio Veil, and its very folds are full of the secret charm of the harem. It is created in dull gold and rose crepe edged with fur, that is a necessary adjunct to every costume this season in Paris. The gown with which this Mystery Veil is worn has Oriental touches in its trimmings and the lovely girdle. The soft, clinging drapery of the skirt is perfect, the drapery of the harem scarf.

I have created many other designs showing the influence of the veil. Some of my most exquisite I am unable to send pictures of at present, but perhaps later I will be able to do so. Some of these costumes are almost all veils. And I think that perhaps they are more beautiful than the ones shown here.

To my mind one of the oddest things about Dame Fashion is the way that she is affected by external happenings, and from the beginning she has been patently influenced by war. Is it not odd that the most horrifying of human events should put its stamp on the clothes of woman?

Even the very chic little tailored costume that I am showing you has a hint of the terrible battles in its tight soldier cap and the heavy military tassels and braid on the coat. The flare given the coat below the hips is a direct hint from the coats worn by the Turkish officers. This flare is one of the very latest touches, and the most chic women of Paris have at least one costume with the "Flare Coat."

The severe skirt, as you will notice, has the so necessary slit at the side. The seams at the sides are outlined with very heavy buttons made of military gold cord.

### Lady Duff-Gordon's Up-to-the-Minute Fashion Cable From Paris

Paris, March 8.

Skirts for late Spring are all slit at side or back. Bodices are more elaborate than for several seasons. Oriental decorations are still the rage. All fulness in skirts is at the knees. Knife-pleated skirts of plaids will be worn with separate coats in plain colors. Evening gowns show the tight long-pointed bodices. Collars, jabots and wrist ruffles of sheer muslin are obligatory with the tailored costume.



The "Seraglio Veil" of Brocade Worn with "Lucile" Evening Costume.

## A BAPTISM OF FIRE

I T had seemed to me at the time that I could do the thing in entire safety. Our troops were ordered out to take and destroy a village which lay in the valley by the riverside, and their operations would be confined to the lower ground. The heights above would be entirely untroubled, unoccupied.

And so I had gained these, after walking five miles over gentle slopes of short scrub grass, and then had lain me down on the ridge and watched the skirmishing, the attack and the capture through a pair of glasses. From the distance it had all seemed very tame. There were little puffs of gray smoke; men fell; others came on at a run, elbowed in and out in entire disorder, made their weapons and accoutrements glitter in the sun, and then disappeared under cover of the mud and bamboo village. More smoke arose in puffs from the lanes between the houses. And then a stream of Black Flag Chinese began to pour out at the run; some of them pitched forward and lay still, and the others opened out to pass these by, and others limped and lagged behind the general pace; and a quite irregular crackle from the village, like the burning of brushwood, told me what was causing these things.

But when the Black Flags were out of range and the firing ceased the valley dropped into dread quietude, and there was nothing more to see. I yawned over it for another half hour, and then walked a dozen yards down the slope, smoked a couple of cigarettes, and began my déjeuner. The regiment of Black Flags which came down upon me must have started climbing the hill face the very minute I quit the ridge.

Instinct, as I say, jerked me to my feet, and instinct must have given me a prodigious start, for when first my wife came to me I found myself running like a frightened dog. The officer gave me a second shot, which cut a gutter down my feet, and then his men opened out with Remington rifles. I don't know how many fired. It seemed as if ten million bullets whizzed past me, and I had a notion I was hit in twenty places. But nothing clogged my legs, and, although my heart was trying hard to jump clear of its moorings, I ran on at freshened pace. There wasn't a more terrified man in Asia that minute.

me—shots and cries of chase in barbarous Chinese—and the word swam in front. Terror undiluted made me a running automaton.

Beyond a doubt the most cowardly Frenchman in the East that moment was myself. I did not attempt to convert this fact; I ran on, cringing from every bullet that rustled past me or spurred up the ground beside my leaping feet; but I found excuses for my conduct. For good behavior they had raised me from the ranks to a non-commissioned officer, to lead and be an example to the rest of the rank and file when a pinch came, and here I was leading the wrong way and setting the worst of all examples.

How long I ran on in this blinded state I cannot tell, but a sharp sting of pain in my left leg—going. It felt like the sear of hot metal burning and frying, and the hurt came somewhere from the round of the left shoulder.

Instantly my mood awoke again. For the first time there grew upon me a vague resentment against the crew who were yelling and firing in chase; and as I scurried on and the ill-aimed bullets threw their rushing halo of sound around my head and limbs this increased to a wild, poisoned hate.

Then for the first time I remembered my revolver. With bungling fingers I unholstered it, and, turning, fired six rapid shots. One man clapped his hands to his face, screamed shrilly like a child, and pitched to the earth, his pistol swinging up in the air as though it had been a black whiplash. I had it in me to have leaped on that man and to have killed him with my own hands, and then he kicked and offered insults to his dead body. I was no longer a French gentleman then; I was a savage beast, lustful to tear my enemies' throat.

I turned and fled on, the breath coming in thick, sobbing pants. A whole fusillade of venomous shots were exchanged in return, but none of them found a billet in me, and I laughed aloud in triumph. What ever happened now, I had killed my own weight of enemy.

But, as I say, I wanted desperately to do more, and now that the paralysis of terror and excitement had flashed away my mind was beginning to work with craft and cunning. Ahead of me, and running athwart my course, was a muddy wallow they called the road, and which our troops had passed along barely three hours before to the capture of the village.

To the left were the French lines and safety. In front, and a half throw beyond the road, was the yellow, turbid stream of the river.

It was impossible to reach the camp even had I wished it. The Black Flags had anticipated the move and had detailed off a party to outflank me in that direction. By turning off to the right I might very well bring down the enemy upon our expeditionary force on their march back from the village. They might be prepared to receive them, and again they might not, and I would have died ten times sooner than any move of mine for my own safety should bring disaster on my comrades. Our branch of the service gets sneered at enough as it is.

So I raced on for the road and passed it and labored down to the river. The shots came fast and thick now, and two more bullets grazed me, but I waded through the shallows without further hurt and gained the deep, tawny river beyond.

A sampan was moored a hundred yards out and a little downstream. I made for it with long, bursting dives. There were half a dozen men on board, jumping, gesticulating and crying warnings, and once when I came up from an underwater swim one of them let fly a matchlock at me. I saw him blow his smoking fuse and fire. It was loaded with birdshot, but I was too close for the charge to scatter, and so it all missed me.

Another dive and I was upon them and they received me with knife stabs, and how the fight turned next I could not tell. But of a sudden, with a blisk and a gasp and a downward blow, I came by my wife again, and found that I was on board the sampan with a curved Chinese sword in my hand; and one man lay dead and bleeding at my feet, another was dead and floating face downward with the current astern. And the rest were swimming to the shore, and twenty Black Flags were firing over their heads as fast as they could.

My pistol was gone and I could do no more on the offensive. The wish for flight had left me; the lust for life alone remained. I cut the painter and lay on the sampan's bottom, whilst she drifted down with the current into our own lines.

And yet my officers were pleased to call me brave, and the general gave me the war medal. I tried to refuse it, but they laughed at me. A vedette, it seemed, had watched me through a glass from the moment of the first shot being fired, and they said no man could have behaved more nimbly.

### The Same Reason.

YOUNG BETTS had just told his mother of his engagement to a charming young woman who was not blessed with much of this world's goods, and he met with immediate objection.

"Now, mother, dear," said the young man, "don't be angry with me for falling in love with her. Besides, you were a poor girl when you first met father."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Betts, "so I was. But so was your father. And I married him because I knew he would succeed."

"Well, mother," he said, "and she is going to marry me because he did—don't you see?"

### Little Brother Speaks.

FLORENCE, who was an ardent admirer of her own vocal qualities, had been selected to sing a solo at a church entertainment.

The following morning at the breakfast table she remarked to her younger brother:

"Well, I never thought my voice would fill that large hall."

"Neither did I," answered her brother unfeelingly. "I thought it would empty it."

### A False Statement.

"M"KIE was badly hurt in that train smash, wasn't he, doctor?"

"Very. We had to amputate both legs."

"How sad! Will he pull through?"

"Oh, yes; we'll have him on his feet again in less than three months."

### Her Portrait.

THE painstaking artist, anxious to please, remarked to a prospective customer:

"I can paint you a portrait of your wife which will be a speaking likeness."

"H'm—couldn't you do it in what they call still life?"